THE GREEN TRIANGLE

Y. M. C. A.

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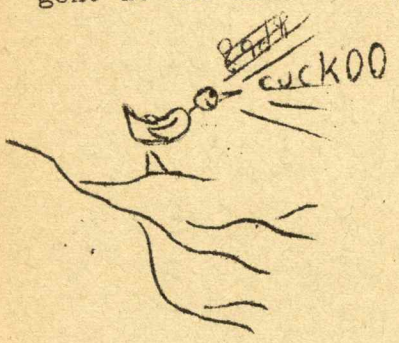
CUCKOO DAY IS NOVEL EVENT

The announcement of Cuckoo Day for Thursday, August 4th was received with much uneasiness by the Camp: - who but the Camp Council knew whether we would be hauled out of bed at the unearthly hour of 5 a.m., or be allowed the blissful rest of an extra hour's sleep; whether we would have a moonlight dip at 10 a.m., or at 4 p.m; whether we would have porridge for supper, or salad for breakfast; whether.....etc.

On the morning of this novel day, we awoke to find that the rising bell had gone at the usual time, and we thought that perhaps this day wasn't going to be so cuckoo after all. However we soon discovered our presumption was incorrect, for soon after the camp had arisen, there was heard such a clanging of bells at regular intervals that according to the usual schedule the breakfast commenced at the time for evening program. Or should we call it breakfast? At any rate, the meal commenced with the announcements, during which time we had a chance to look around us -- butter and jam were served on huge trays, while the milk was placed in open bowls; the milk jug on the staff table was a large eight gallon milk can, into which their cups were informally dipped.



Chief and the Doctor acted as waiters for the whole camp, and when the time came for the first course to be served, they unceremoniously placed a huge pan of porridge in the middle of the dining hall, from which the campers filled their bowls. In a similar way the toast, (done on one side only) was served.

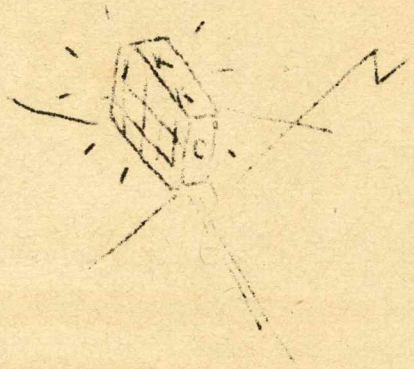
Immediately after this hectic meal, a half-hour boating period was announced, all leaders being on patrol. With this crowd of leaders there were no row boats left for the campers who stood on shore and gaped as the patrols enjoyed a pleasant outing.

The boating period over, tent clean-up and projects followed respectively. At the time of general swim, the leaders and staff enjoyed a long swim while the campers acted as patrols, who had a short swim afterwards.

Evidently because of the chaotic conditions of breakfast, the dinner was served and eaten much more civilly, but it was preceded with announcements and a sing-song.

The afternoon program was a regatta which was well attended. All in all, we feel that the revival of this event was a great success, and should be made an annual affair.

Calling all boys! Calling all boys! Bring your airplane models, plasticine models, vases, trays, bookcases, whisks, serviette rings, cork calendars, caterpillars, horses teeth, boats, bugs, snakes, sketches, felt crests, fungi, fossils, et cetera to the craftshop to take place in the gigantic hobby show this coming Sunday. Enter your models in the airplane show, photographic negative contest or various other displays. There are prizes to be won. YOU may win! Your models will be safe in the care of Tom Best until they are returned to you. You can't lose! Station KKC signing off. That is all.



The Craftshop

CONTEST!

Unscramble the letters in the following words and rearrange them to form a logical sentence:

ROLYPO FO KWEE TONCTES TEH TLAS SANREWED SWA.

MERRITT AND FRANCIS STAR IN SHOW

Clarke Merritt and Lyman Francis put on an act in the Saturday Nite show which was undoubtedly one of the best this season. Their part of the program took the form of tumbling, acrobatic dancing and sleight-of-hand tricks. Lyman awed the audience with his wonderful fire eating performance and added greatly to the standard of the Saturday Nite performances.

The show commenced with a sing song led by Johnnie Pearson when some lusty singing was produced. This was followed by a few skits, among these being:- a short play of two acts by Walter Hesse and company, and s short skit by three juvenile leaders, Doug. Hill, Ross Seaman and Morrey Cross. Brock Brace then delivered a humorous monologue which was enthusiastically received. This show should be a criterion to be lived up to by the remaining Saturday Nite shows.

The camp has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. John Palmer, and expert photographer from Toronto. His presence in Kanawana has added much to the enthusiasm for this hobby, and we expect to see in the near future many lasting pictures of the beautiful spots of the camp. John has also entered into camp activities, and seems to be enjoying himself as much as the campers are enjoying his stay.

ALL-CAMP REGATTA IS SUCCESS

Last Tuesday, the camp held its first all-camp regatta of the season. The day started out unpromising, but cleared up just in time. The following are the events and the prizewinners:

Juvenile war canoe:
Dick Matthews, Bill Dryden, Doug McGillis, Billy Lewis, Jim Ware, Sandy Spence, and Harry Hamilton (cox).

Junior war canoe:
Ken Eaton, Ted Crossey, Jack Mackay, Robert Mahon, Billy Davis, John Smith, and Ted Percy (cox).

Juvenile double row-boat:
1. Billy Dryden, Harry Hamilton, and Dick Matthews.
2. John Turner Bone, Norm Payne, and Jim Cartier.
3. Doug English, Fred Thow, and Robert Dixon.

Junior crab race:
1. Ted Crossey
2. Ted Percy
3. Junior Taylor

Junior Doubles canoe:
1. Crossey & Mackay
2. Cadenhead & Mahon
3. Richardson & Hodgdon

Senior singles canoe:
1. Henry Holden
2. Jerry Wrenshall
3. Ward Borrie

Barrel race:
1. Henry Holden
2. Chief

Tilting:
1. Hassal & Gray
2. Borrie & Smith
3. Knapp & Holden

Point Winners:
Juvenile: Harry Hamilton
Billy Dryden
Junior: Ted Crossey
Senior: Henry Holden

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FLEAS

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
A bug as lively as a flea;
A flea whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against a dog's smooth furry chest;
A flea that clings to him all day,
And bites him often in the usual way;
A flea that may in summer tear
Around quite freely in his hair.
Upon whose bosom Flit was lain,
For certainly he must be slain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only dogs can harbour fleas.

"Doc"